THE

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

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JOHN HUMPHREY NOYES, . . . EDITOR.
WILLIAM A. HINDS, . . ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
F. WAYLAND-SMITH, . . BUSINESS MANAGER.

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WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST *is;* but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is *not*, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are misled, as I was a year ago, in supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community. It seems to me now to be no more the organ of that body than though the O. C. had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, and find it, among all the Socialistic organs, without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The hard times crowd us all. Now and then an able-bodied man sends us a dollar and apologizes for not sending two by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks. On the other hand, our annual receipts do not thus far half pay for the bare cost of paper and printing, to say nothing of editorial labor. At the same time many of our subscribers are wealthy and sometimes send us more than the price of the paper. These circumstances have suggested the following plan for equalizing burdens all round: Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription send it to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would have the SOCIALIST sent, *and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume.* That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack.

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THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST will in the future, as in the past, publish all well-written accounts of new Communistic and Coöperative Societies which may be offered in good faith; but it should be clearly understood that its conductors disclaim all responsibility for the character or success of such Societies. They consider that they perform their duty if they exclude schemes which are manifestly hair-brained or fraudulent and continue to set forth, as opportunity offers, the principles which seem to them to lie at the foundation of successful Socialism.

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Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

"The American Socialist, Oneida, N. Y."

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SOCIALISTIC NOTES.

It is the fifth week of the great Fall River strike, and still there is no approach to a settlement.

"Labor existed for centuries before Capital," is a saying of the martyred President worthy of remembrance.

Herbert Spencer's new work, "The Data of Ethics," contains a chapter on the Evolution of Coöperation, showing that Coöperation is an inevitable result in sociological progress.

A writer in the *Irish World* says: "The only American Socialism that has been successful so far has aimed to establish centers of right living, that should serve as models for the whole world."

Michael Connally has been selected by the workingmen of Fall River, Massachusetts, to inspect lands offered for sale by one of the great Western railroad companies. It may result in many of the strikers "going West."

There is a settlement of Adventists at Germania, Wis., called the "Land of Life." Benjamin Hall, formerly a dry-goods merchant of Boston, is their "headest" man. They believe that Christ will make his second appearance first among them.

Some one complains in the *Irish World* that "the Shaker Communities of New England are all rich;" and so might their critics be "and their sisters and cousins and aunts" if they would follow the example of their broad-brim brethren in faithful industry and in shunning the extravagances of sin and fashion.

Lieut.-Governor Dorsheimer has had to run a guantlet of criticism for two or three weeks on account of his remark in a 4th-of-July address, that "the difference of conditions among the American people, every day becoming wider and deeper, gives ample security against over-education and discontent." To the average citizen this sentiment seems anti-republican if not anti-American.

Robert Ingersoll says: "The toil of the world should gradually decrease. Of what use are your inventions if no burdens are lifted from industry—if no additional comforts find their way to the homes of labor? Every labor-saving machine should help the whole world. There should be labor and food for all. We invent. We take advantage of the forces of nature. We enslave the winds and waves. We put shackles upon the unseen forces. These slaves should release from bondage all the children of men."

An English journal gives credit to the American nation for fifteen inventions and discoveries which are likely, it thinks, to be generally adopted the world over. First, the cotton gin; second, the planing machine; third, the grass-mower and grain-reaper; fourth, the rotary printing press; fifth, navigation by steam; sixth, the hot air or caloric engine; seventh, the sewing-machine; eighth, the India-rubber industry; ninth, the machine manufacture of horseshoes; tenth, the sand-blast for carving: eleventh, the gauge lathe; twelfth, the grain elevator; thirteenth, artificial ice manufacture on a large scale; fourteenth, the electro magnet and its practical application; fifteenth, the composing machine for printers. Wouldn't it have been safer to have omitted this last item from the list?

An interesting case of arbitration between employers and their workmen recently occurred in New York City. In Stratton and Storm's cigar manufactory, an advance of fifty cents per thousand for rolling cigars having been asked, the Board of Arbitration of that establishment, which has been organized for more than a year, and consists of three foremen appointed by the firm, the junior partner of the firm, Mr. Storm, and five others selected by the 1,032 men employed in the factory, voted unanimously, after a lengthened debate, to grant the request. Then, upon the showing of the firm that it would lose on unfilled orders if the change were were at once made, the vote against an immediate change was unanimous, and one week's delay agreed to.

The Mercantile Agency of Dun, Barlow & Co. have issued a circular on "The Business Outlook," which is decidedly encouraging to business enterprise. It shows that the number of failures for the last three months is notably less than in any single quarter of the last five years. For the first six months of 1879 the failures in the United States were 4,058, as against 5,825 for the same time in 1878—the liabilities being 65 million dollars in 1879 as against 130 millions in 1878. There have therefore been fewer failures in the first six months of 1879 by nearly 2,000 than in the same period of 1878, while the liabilities are reduced exactly one-half.

"Never before in our experience, in the compilation of statistics," say the authors of this circular, "has the decrease of mercantile casualties been so marked; in no previous period has the comparison of losses by bad debts been so favorable as at the present hour. The indications are numerous on every hand of an improved condition of business;" and they add reports from forty-one of the principal cities of the Union, all indicating that trade has already greatly improved, and that the business outlook for the future is bright.

From a speech of Daniel Webster in the United States Senate on the labor question:

"Sir, I say it is employment that makes the people happy. Sir, this great truth ought never to be forgotten; it ought to be placed on the title-page of every book on political economy intended for America, and such countries as America. It ought to be placed in every farmer's magazine and mechanic's magazine. It should be proclaimed everywhere, notwithstanding what we hear of the usefulness—and I admit the high usefulness of cheap food—notwithstanding that the great truth should be proclaimed everywhere, should be made into a proverb, if it could, that where there is work for the hands and the men, there will be work for their teeth. Where there is employment there will be bread. And in a country like our own, above all others, will this truth hold good—a country like ours, where with a great deal of spirit and activity among the masses, if they can find employment there is always great willingness for labor. If they can obtain fair compensation for their labor, they will have good houses—good clothing—good food, and the means of educating their families; and if they have good houses, and good clothing, and good food, and the means of educating their children from their labor, that labor will be cheerful, and they will be a contented and happy people."

F. W. Newman—a brother of the new English Cardinal—wrote as follows in 1854: "Poets have always represented the primitive Age of Gold as enjoying all things in common. So, whenever any strong religious or even moral impulse puts a common enthusiasm into men, and blends them into a new unselfish union, the desire rises of getting rid of private property, which is connected with much that is mean and evil, and is judged to be unworthy of men in whom high moral influences predominate. The theory of this was enunciated by Plato; the practice of it was enforced by Jesus. Not only his immediate Apostles, but the earliest Jerusalem Church, when its numbers were counted by thousands, honestly obeyed his precept; sold their goods and estates, and threw them into a common stock for the benefit of the whole body. Similar phenomena from time to time reappear in religious Communities, and in modern days they become the more remarkable when they are found in separation from religion, as a result of a merely moral enthusiasm or fanaticism,—whichever it be esteemed. In France no new enthusiasm seems to stir, except Communism; the tendency to which is said to be also widely spread in Germany. So broad a fact suggests that the church of the future will not be able to overlook and neglect the problem of Communism, which Christianity boldly undertook and as quickly renounced."

WHAT IS, AND WHAT MIGHT BE.

XXIII.

POPULATION. (*Continued.*)

Malthus spoke of the checks to population as being all resolvable into these three classes, viz., moral restraint, vice, and misery. Of these, moral restraint is the only voluntary check, the others being called by different writers "natural," "positive," and "involuntary." Perhaps the clearest distinction which can be pointed out is that the check exercised by moral restraint operates in restricting births, while all the others operate in producing deaths. The French are the only people among whom a voluntary restriction of the birth-rate has become at all general. In my article on France I have quoted authorities to show that in that nation families seldom have more than two or three children. The parents limit their offspring to the number they can comfortably support and care for. It is not that the French are celibates, or that infanticide is more common among them than in other nations; it is, that the number of births is purposely restricted. The example of France is about all the world can show up to this time in the way of exercising an intelligent control over population. Other nations have either denied or ignored the necessity for any such control. Procreation has been left to chance and a blind instinct, while those

grim monsters, hunger, cold, disease, wars, famines, plagues—the death-producing checks—have been left to regulate the equilibrium between humanity and its means of subsistence. Whenever men become too numerous for their food-supply, these destroyers have come in and thinned them out until the balance was restored. The history of Ireland furnishes a good example of this process.

In 1767 the population of Ireland was estimated to be a little over two and a-half millions. During the next forty years it more than doubled. The following figures show its rapid growth and its sudden decline:

POPULATION OF IRELAND.

1801	5,319,867
1811	6,084,996
1821	6,869,544
1831	7,828,347
1841	8,222,664
1851	6,623,982
1861	5,850,309
1871	5,411,416

The figures for 1801 and 1811 are given by estimate of the British authorities, no census having been taken there until 1821. The highest point was reached in 1845, when the entire population was estimated to be 8,295,000. At that period the potato-crop, upon which nearly all the laboring people relied as their chief article of food, failed for two successive years. This produced famine and disease which carried off large numbers. It also gave a great impetus to emigration. Thousands of people left the country every month, many of them coming to the United States. It will be seen from the table given above that since 1845 the decrease has been very rapid, aggregating nearly 35 per cent. Mr. Cornelius Walford, an eminent English author, says of this famine: "Parliament advanced nearly $50,000,000; about 275,000 persons are supposed to have perished. The famine in the whole lasted over nearly six years; the population became reduced by about 2,500,000. The emigration to America was 1,180,409, and 1,029,552 are said to have died from starvation and pestilence consequent upon it. This is probably overstated. It is further said that about 25 per cent. of the emigrants died within twelve months after leaving."

At the present time the population of Ireland is probably no greater than in 1801. When it was at its highest point a great number of the people could barely procure enough food to exist, even when the crops were fair. Want was everywhere felt, yet nobody foresaw the disaster which was certain to ensue in bad seasons. The people went on marrying and producing children as freely as at any previous time, until the famine came and thinned them out. There can be no doubt that Ireland is capable of sustaining a much greater population than 9,000,000 if all her resources were fully developed. The trouble came from the ignorant, hap-hazard increase of population without reference to the possibilities of procuring food. That is only an example of what has occurred many times and in different countries, in the world's history. The intelligence of mankind has never yet been great enough to grapple with and master so vast and difficult a matter. But the situation is becoming such that it will soon be impossible to leave it to the control of chance. England now finds herself drifting along in the very course Ireland ran. The same disasters threaten her, and her statesmen are asking themselves what can be done to avert them.

The first general census of the population of England was taken in 1801. Previous to that time estimates of the population were formed at various periods, calculated from the numbers of baptisms, burials and marriages. These estimates were as follows:

In 1570	4,160,221
" 1600	4,811,718
" 1630	5,600,517
" 1670	5,773,646
" 1700	6,045,008
" 1750	6,517,035

The result of the first regular census would indicate that these estimates were very unreliable. I will give the growth of England and Wales since 1801:

POPULATION OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

1801	9,156,171
1811	10,454,529
1821	12,172,664
1831	14,051,986
1841	16,035,198
1851	18,054,170
1861	20,228,417
1871	22,712,266

During the eighteenth century the manufacturing industries of England made an enormous growth. The rural population was thereby attracted to towns, and many country villages were comparatively deserted. The war with America and the French Revolutionary War killed off large numbers of England's men. These two causes created the impression that the population was decreasing, but the census of 1801 showed that the former estimates had only given about two-thirds of the people. Since Napoleon I. was confined at St. Helena, the population of England and Wales has increased at the rate of fully two millions per decade, and this in the face of an enormous emigration to Australia, New Zealand, and other colonies.

The soil of England ought to be capable of supporting in health and comfort its present numbers. Instead of doing so, sixty per cent. of the people live on imported food. The reason of this is that large tracts are owned by the rich nobles, who reserve them for deer p rks and for preserves for various other kinds of game. As the wealth of the country has increased, more and more land has been withdrawn from cultivation and set apart for sporting and pleasure purposes. With a population growing at the rate I have indicated, this course must inevitably have led to famines and extreme suffering among the poorer classes long ago, had it not been for the streams of wealth which England's manufactures and commerce brought to the country. That income was so great that the evil day has been postponed. But now America is taking away England's manufactures, and there is at once an outcry from the poor. As soon as the profits on their manufactures are lost to the nation, the common people can no longer get money to pay for the imported food on which they depend. A demand is now starting that all the land must be given up for the production of food. The parks and deer forests must be submitted to the plow. Here is a clipping from a late London letter which shows the temper of the people on this point:

"Thus it comes to pass that what, with thousands upon thousands of acres kept waste for deer forest and grouse moors and thousands laid out in parks, what with partridge covers and game preserves generally, the havoc committed by game and the destruction done by hunters or the followers of the fox so called, the soil of Great Britain does not produce to-day one-half what it should and could. No wonder men like Lord Derby and other high-minded landowners assert that with a more beneficial system the home produce of Great Britain might be more than doubled, while practical farmers, such as Mr. Mechi and Joseph Arch, contend that it might be increased to such an extent as to feed every man, woman and child in the three kingdoms—not, however, until England's antiquated and iniquitous land laws have been abolished; not until land is as free and marketable a commodity as coal and iron; not so long as a *fainéant* class is allowed and can afford to keep square leagues of land waste for sporting purposes. The system of entail and primogeniture brings about evil consequences in two ways. It not only prevents estates from getting into the market, and so becoming divided among many, but it throws penniless and younger sons on the country, and necessitates lucrative posts, often mere sinecures, being made for them, for which, of course, the people have to pay.

"There can be no real prosperity for the old country until this state of things abolishes itself; until there is no longer an 'idle aristocracy' handsomely consuming the rents of England. Is it necessary to abolish them by act of Parliament? Not at all. Girdle a tree about its roots, and time will do the rest. Abolish entail and primogeniture and there is just enough rottenness in aristocracy to make it tumble to pieces—at least the aristocracy of blood and tradition. The country would be all the better for having an aristocracy of talent and genius in its place. At the present time, though a foreign policy is in vogue which would annex the five continents, and the public mind is diverted for the time being from home affairs, it is pretty evident to those who look under the surface that there is a spirit at work which will be satisfied with nothing short of the conquest of the old land."

If an aristocracy stands between the people and their natural source of food, the aristocracy will be very apt to be ruthlessly shoved aside. As a nation England has grown to be very wealthy, but it must be understood that the bulk of the wealth is in the hands of a few. The nobility and a few wealthy commoners own nearly everything, while the great masses have no accumulation, but live from hand to mouth on their weekly wages. The poor of the towns are crowded into miserable tenements in which the wonder is that they can live so thickly, even with the best of food; and if the food-supply shall fail them from any cause, it is plain that the horrors of the Irish famine will be repeated, with plenty of disease accompanying. I can give some instances which have been reported of the overcrowding of the common people in England. Not long ago Mr. George Godwin, F. R. S., read an essay before the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, in which the following passage occurs:

"Evidences of overcrowding turn up from time to time where they are not looked for. It was but the other day that a child was found dead in Brownlow Street, and, on inquiry, it was learnt that the mother, a widow, and six children slept in one bed in a small room. The death of the child was attributed to the bed clothes. In such an atmosphere as a room so occupied must have, the vital power necessarily becomes weak, and to kill is easy. In a house of respectable appearance outside I found a hole under the stairs made the sleeping place for three persons, twenty-one, seventeen and fourteen years of age. It was intended originally for the reception of coals; it is not more than four feet deep, and the height, of course, diminishes to nothing as the steps descend. When the door is closed there are only seven small gimlet holes in the stairs for ventilation. Is it surprising that fevers break out under such circumstances? One is struck, sometimes, with the strange contrivances resorted to to meet the difficulty of want of room. Thus, in a model lodging-house for families, a father, who with his wife and one child occupies one room, has accommodated six of his nine other children crossway on two camp bedsteads, while three elder girls, one sixteen years old, sleep on a small bedstead near.....In a respectable house not far from the last, occupied by steady artisans and others, I found that nine persons slept in one of the rooms (12 feet by 14 feet)—a father, mother and seven children; eleven shoemakers worked in the attic, and in each of the other five rooms there was a separate family."

Dr. Lankester, Coroner for Middlesex, the county in which London is situated, says that "in the parish of St. James, which is not one of the poorest districts in the metropolis, there are 10,000 persons who, for the sake of their health, ought to be removed from the parish."

Dr. Bach, medical officer for Marylebone, says that "human beings are there living in such a state of squalid misery that a horse that was kept in the worst possible stable was better provided for. There were 19 houses in which were 89 families, comprising 300 persons. There was one room eight feet square, with a small opening for a window, but no glass, and a man, his wife and five children lived in it, and there had been seven children."

These instances are sufficient to indicate the state of things among the common people of England, where the pressure on subsistence will first show itself. The statesmen of that country see the dangers which threaten, but the only remedy they have thus far suggested is *emigration*. They one and all cry out to the people, "We are becoming too numerous; therefore emigrate! emigrate! emigrate! Go anywhere; to Australia, to New Zealand, to America; only go somewhere." If this advice should be followed it would merely act as a temporary relief to England, while it would hasten on the same pressure in other countries. The final squeeze may be delayed by distributing people from overcrowded regions to those sparely settled, but it is after us, all the same. The only way to avoid it is to invent some method of controlling the birth-rate.

F. W.-S.

(To be Continued.)

CO-OPERATIVE CHEESE-MAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

When I was a young boy and living in the city of Lausanne, Switzerland, I was sent to spend a few days with a well-to-do farmer, owning some twenty acres of land all in one body, about half a mile from the village of Bottens. His house stood in the middle of his property, a very unusual case with the Swiss peasantry, who generally live in villages and own land in small tracts, scattered in all directions. He kept four cows, and morning and evening the milk was carried to the fromagerie or cheese factory, in the village of Bottens.

While I was visiting this man's house, the day came round when it was his turn to have the cheese and butter, and as the wife had to help in the work I went with her to watch the proceedings. We started early in the morning, at peep of day, taking with us in a spring wagon the firewood to be used, and the material for a substantial breakfast and dinner, not only for ourselves but also for the cheese-maker.

Soon after our arrival the farmers began to bring their milk, fresh from the cows, and after being carefully weighed it was poured into a large copper kettle hanging on a crane near a large chimney. Each farmer kept the account of his milk, by notches on a flat pine stick; a duplicate was also kept by the cheese-maker and in the same manner. When one's turn came to have the cheese, the amount credited to him on the stick was balanced by the amount brought on that day, and if found in debt he had to bring enough to square the account, when the two sticks were destroyed and new ones took their place.

The amount of milk worked up on that day was about

one hundred gallons, and it was past noon before the work was all done and we could leave for home, taking with us the butter and buttermilk and whey. The cheese was left at the factory, being duly marked with the owner's name, subject to his order whenever he wanted it. The butter was taken by the farmer's wife to the market of the neighboring city.

The cheese factory was a large stone building, one-half well closed and cool, used to keep the cheese and the evening's milk; the other half, open and well ventilated, with an earthen floor and a large stone-chimney, was used for the manufacture of the cheese. The process was of the most primitive kind, the evening's milk after being skimmed was poured into the morning's milk, the kettle swung over the fire, and the milk heated to about ninety-eight degrees, but no thermometer was used, the cheese-maker testing the heat with his bare arms. The kettle was then swung off, and a preparation of rennet poured in sufficient to curdle the milk in about forty minutes. Then the curd was broken up with a peeled pine stick, to which the small limbs had been left sticking out. The milk was then heated again to 120 degrees, and kept at that heat for half an hour, being stirred all the time. When the curdle was found cooked enough to squeak between the teeth it was taken up and put directly under the press, the salt to be applied by rubbing when the cheese was on the shelves. The butter was churned in a large barrel churn worked by hand.

The Swiss cheese-maker boards round, living each day with the person who gets the cheese. He is paid a regular salary, the amount of which is divided by the number of pounds of cheese made and assessed upon all according to the amount of work they have done. By this system, the man who keeps only one cow can have the full benefit of her milk with no more proportionate expense than the man who keeps five.

The Swiss peasant owns a very small number of acres. The land, being highly prized, has been subdivided so that now very few own more than ten acres, and many own only one or two. Living in villages, it is but little trouble to take the milk to the factory; and it relieves the women of a large amount of work.

The land is too valuable to be used for pasturage, and those farmers who can winter more cows than they can well take care of in summer, rent them for the season to men who take them up the mountains to pasture on the fine grasses which grow there. Those cows which are kept at home are soiled in spring and summer and herded in the fields and meadows in the fall.

The peasants have learned to coöperate in much of their work; thus many of them do not keep any horses, but exchange their labor for team-work, and those who keep only one horse combine their horses to make a team suitable for plowing. It is also very common for them, when hauling produce or wood to market, to put on very heavy loads and double teams on the long hills. Their life is a laborious one; they have to make a living off a very small amount of land, often burdened by heavy mortgages; and they have been compelled to learn how to make the best use of all their resources and to save any useless expenses, and it has led them into a great deal of Coöperation.

Of late years, companies have been started to take the place of the Coöperative cheese-factories, they offering to buy the milk at a stated price; but while at first this plan seemed more convenient, upon a longer trial it has lost favor with the farmers, who are going back to the old system. It is found that the cheese and whey and butter and buttermilk are worth more to the farmer than the company can afford to pay him. This is easily explained, as with them it is a money-making enterprise, out of which they must realize a profit, while the farmer finds a market at home for all that is unsalable, and can make his own sales without any expenses as he attends to his other business.

The Swiss Government of late has taken a great deal of trouble to introduce among the farmers a knowledge of the best modes of manufacturing cheese. Special scientists have been engaged to experiment and report, and also to travel and give practical lectures upon the subject, and pamphlets have been printed for free distribution; and their efforts have been crowned with much success, and quite an improvement has been made both in the quality of the cheese and the process of manufacture.

ALBERT CHAVANNES.

There's a maxim that all should be willing to mind—
'Tis an old one—a kind one—and true as 'tis kind;
'Tis worthy of notice wherever you roam,
And no worse for the heart if remembered at home!
If scandal or censure be raised 'gainst a friend,
Be the last to believe it—the first to defend!
Say to-morrow will come—and then time will unfold
That "one story is good till another is told!"

—*Charles Swain.*

FOURIERANA.

Selections from the Harbinger, Phalanx and other Publications of the Fourier Epoch.

XXXII.

THE FAMILY.

The Family is the great boast of Civilization. But notwithstanding all the beauty that there is in the idea of home, and all the real sacredness and sweetness of family ties, Familism, as we see it for the most part, is afflicted with at least three or four great evils:

First. It has generally a very selfish aspect; it is often a very narrow, bigoted, offensive thing to meet. There are people, all whose humanity, all whose intelligence, seems to have shrunk into mere family limits. And the solemn obligation to provide for wife and children turns the gentlest nature into a hard-hearted, reckless trafficker, who excuses every selfishness toward the world at large by this one call of private duty. Need this be so?

Secondly. The family connection is in the vast majority of instances a bond of necessity, of cold, dull habit, and not of sympathy. How is it in the families of the very poor? "There the sight of one another is a reminder of *necessities* far more than it is of love. The bond between them has had no opportunity to prove itself a free bond. There is little time to ask what *would* we do for one another, but what *must* we? and your *must* is a terrible uprooter of sympathies, which do not understand *that* way of growing."

Thirdly. The family is isolated and monotonous. The children have not variety. The parents have not variety. The natural varieties of character and affinity, especially in children, find no free play among large numbers. They are doomed to one another's long-ago exhausted intercourse.

In Association the material support of the family will not conflict with general interests. Society itself extends its parental and protective shield over all the young. There will be no cold wind of necessity to freeze up the consanguineous current. Each individual will be self-supporting, drawn into intercourse with others in the varied groups of attractive industry, exposed to various influences of character, and safe from all one-sidedness and bigotry; and the parent, instead of being the perpetual disciplinarian in the eyes of the child, will be his natural friend and confidant, society being the educator and critic, upon a much more liberal and efficient plan than any isolated family could afford. And thus these evils will be all avoided, so that the family sentiment may assert itself in its true beauty and purity and power, without exaggeration or perversion.

Thus is the true destiny of man's social nature found in the free groups, only possible with the large numbers, the union of interests, the attractive industry, the equitable distribution, the guarantees, and the combined order, of Association.—*J. S. Dwight.*

WORKS AND MOTIVES.

The world presents everywhere the same composite problem of good and evil; and our business seems to be to dissect the joint and learn the dividing-law which secretly separates them. It is undeniable that many beautiful and truly divine things are going on around us, in connection with human agencies the most contemptible and base. Trees and flowers are seen growing out of the dirtiest soil; and in the moral world the connection between good and evil blends so intimately, in the apparent relation of cause and effect, that it requires sharp attention to discriminate between them and mark where one begins and the other ends.

By what rule shall we learn to receive and reject, to applaud and censure, when there is such an apparent mixture requiring us to do both? The simple rule of safety is, to learn to distinguish between the personal character or motives of men and their providential work; or, briefly, between the *individual* and his *function.* We are apt to confound the two, and thence are liable to fall into error on both hands; either to swallow down the most atrocious evil in our appreciation of a good work—not discriminating the false motives of those engaged—or to reject what is really admirable as a function, through disgust at the motives by which it is performed. One is the error of those who praise everything that comes looking well, and the other the error of those who condemn everything.

The way to avoid both of these errors, as we have said, is to keep in mind a clear distinction between the human motives and the providential function in every case. If we descend to things of grosser comparison, we see plainly enough the kind of distinction that is to be made. A man, for instance, gets excellent service out of his ox; but the owner does not on that account associate with him nor adopt him into any relations of a personal kind. A similar principle should be carried up into our judgment of more important matters. It may be said probably of most of the useful things going on around us, that the function is divine, but the active motive is diabolical; it is the ox performing excellent things for his fodder. While, therefore, we accept the work, we must also be free to criticise the motives and despise the character of those that accomplish it. The two things stand on entirely different footing; and it is very important to be recognized, in order that we may heartily approve things that are good, without fear of compromising ourselves with evil in their authors.

In discriminating between personal character and public function, we are to remember that the former is the all-important test. Newspaper critics in treating of public men will freely discuss their administration, but touch lightly on their private character, as though that were entirely a secondary affair, with which we have nothing to do. But in the sight of God the private character is the main thing, wholly paramount to the functional or official one. And to true, far-sighted wisdom, the same thing appears applicable in the politics of this world. Men may not think to ride into heaven on their function, however useful and recommendatory it may have been. The judge will say,—"That function of yours has done excellent things, and I have had the benefit of it, as the master has the benefit of his ox's labors; but now what is your personal character? let me look at that. I cannot take you into loving fellowship with me, and make an associate of you, unless you have a right spirit—a good character and motives." It was the great mistake of the Jewish nation that they relied on their function merely, as a ground of acceptance with God.

The rule of truth, then, requires both that we discriminate between life and function, and that we estimate the former as the ground of judgment—the final test of worth.

THE WORLD'S ARTISTS.

There is no subject, however obscure it may seem, but that some one has delved below its crust—probed into its very depths and found stores of wealth. The commonest shrub has hidden charms, mysteriously concealed from careless eyes, which fascinate the finder beyond all telling. The scaly growth on yonder fence you have never noticed; but there's a man who feels himself well paid in noting the shape, color and diversity of the lichens. Some man, I wot not who, has made a study of the grasses everywhere growing, and can tell you of their infinite variety. Some one else has classified the ferns—has studied their characteristics, has for each one of their many species a name; and a third will tell you the mosses are a hundred-fold more numerous than you ever dreamed.

Another person has studied animal life, from man down to the minutest animalcule. The very bugs and worms that you despise are fraught with interest to such an one. Another has penetrated the mysteries of geology, that key to past ages, and not a pebble escapes his eagle eye; he gathers wisdom from the rocks by the sea, from the sand on the shore, from the mire on the beach. There are those who have made a life-study of the firmament—familiarizing themselves with the starry host, as you are familiar with the dwellings of your neighbors. There are others who know all that birds can do; have listened to their songs till they distinguish each warbler by his note. 'Tis strange the vast field man finds for research on mother earth, and stranger still that to whatever he earnestly turns his mind he brings the same within his microscopic vision and becomes its master.

You are a musician—the art is a part of your life—you have made it a specialty; you have little interest in the topics that perplex your neighbors; the discoveries of Tyndall, or Dana, or Lockyer, or Darwin do not satisfy the cravings of your art-love. But yonder is a man who bears no part in music—cannot distinguish Yankee Doodle from a Te Deum—yet he secures respect and even admiration. He has carefully gathered facts concerning every living insect, and can tell what he knows in concise language to astonished listeners. This man wins respect wherever he is heard, and deservedly ranks among artists. He has made his science an art. Of the one talent given him he has made five. You learn from this that study dignifies man. It matters not what the subject—the intensity of thought bestowed on it creates the artist.

But not alone in the sciences and arts has man ex-

celled. He has learned trades, and throughout the world there are master-workmen; whether in country or city, whether on farm or in factory, whether in brass or in silver. Perfection makes all labor regal, and he who excels, if but in the making of a pin, has made his mark. The kinds of labor offered to men are endless; there is a chance for every one to become famous in one way or another; there are myriads of fields untried; there is a plenteous harvest awaiting laborers, and a splendid opportunity for brilliant effort.

He that gracefully wields the scythe, laying at every stroke a beautiful swath of richest green, is skilled as well as he who, at each thrust of the bow across the strings of his violin, brings forth tones that vibrate on the heart of the listener. Each has studied well his stroke—shows no effort in his work; their execution is perfect. One is an accomplished laborer, the other an accomplished musician. Watch the first as he toils: there is grace in the motion of his arm, in the movement of his head, in the swaying of his body; he is a studied scythe-man and conscious of his dexterity. More cannot be said of his counterpart the violinist. They belong to different schools, but for ability in their several arts they are equal.

But the greatest artist of all, standing god-like among men, is he who chooses that better part, and makes it the aim of life to attain perfection; who believes in change of character, who labors with his might to eliminate evil, and puts his fellow-men in the way of doing the same. The example of such an one is worth more than a thousand sermons.

Providentially, things are so arranged that for every subject under the sun there is some mind just adapted to meet it. Variety of tastes is one of the choicest blessings bequeathed to mortals. Thus it happens that what one man investigates from mere pleasure benefits those whose tastes incline them to make discoveries in a totally different field. Men may be selfish in their thirst for knowledge—aspiring for fame and position—but who doubts that they are guided in their studies by an inspiration better than they know, that will in the end reveal all things to all men?

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1879.

RIPON AND THE CERESCO COMMUNITY.

[From the Syracuse Standard.]

OSHKOSH, Wis., July 14, 1879.

To the Editor of the Standard:

The pleasant little city of Ripon, with its four thousand inhabitants, distant from Oshkosh about twenty miles, is in the northwest corner town of the same name in Fond du Lac county, and is, from its location and surroundings, the Prairie City of Wisconsin. Its population, which is more largely native than that of most other northwestern towns, is thrifty and "fore-handed," as the phrase is, and always appreciative when evidence of appreciation of that which is good and genuine is needed. It possesses its share of churches and excellent business houses, and many of its private residences and mercantile buildings are unsurpassed in this section. Its college, set on a commanding eminence in the heart of the city, is fully equal to similar institutions, and its hotels are numerous and well adapted to the wants of the traveling public. But Ripon, unlike most cities of the Northwest, has a reputation,

ANTE-DATING THE LATE CIVIL WAR,

extending from ocean to ocean, from the icy north to the tropical south, for here it was that the great Republican party was cradled in its infancy. In fact, in the little city of Ripon that party actually had its birth, as has been chronicled by the nation's historians. It is also a comparatively unknown fact that the late Horace Greeley was particularly partial to Ripon, for here it was that in 1840, or thereabouts, a kind of

A FOURIERITE COMMUNITY

was founded directly on Greeley's teachings and suggestions. While in Ripon recently with the Wisconsin editors, I was driven down to the pleasant suburb called Ceresco, where still stands the building in which the Community lived and prospered. In general appearance it resembles an old-fashioned country tavern. It is a long, two-story affair, with piazza the whole length of the building for each story. It is somewhat dilapidated, and is now tenanted by several families. This Greeley Community, although founded on the Communistic principle so far as regards the possession of property in common, believed in nothing in the matrimonial line save monogamy. Hence, while holding real and personal property in common, each man had one lawful wife, and the families, although dwelling under the same roof and eating at the same table, were yet distinct. The Ripon Community existed until its members all became rich, when it was broken up. Its steward, the venerable Gib Lane, is still living, and is a resident of Oshkosh. If he could be persuaded to write a faithful autobiography everybody would buy it.

The above sketch is about as nearly correct as newspaper comments on Socialistic matters generally are; but it was evidently written by one unfamiliar with the facts. The Wisconsin Phalanx, which was located near the spot where now stands the flourishing village of Ripon, was not "founded on the Communistic principle so far as regards the possession of property in common," and could not appropriately be called a Community in any sense. It was a joint-stock Association, and paid wages for labor. It had one principal dwelling, but the members by no means all lived under the same roof, and only such as chose ate at the common table. The Phalanx was founded in 1844 instead of 1840. There is not the slightest ground, that we can learn, for attaching the name of Greeley to the experiment, save that he may have been interested in its success as he was in that of scores of other experiments of a similar character which were begun during the period of Fourieristic excitement in this country, and that he was at the time the Phalanx flourished an earnest advocate of social reörganization, as were also many other able men. It would be more nearly correct to call it a *Chase Phalanx*, since Warren Chase was its leading and most trusted man from the beginning to the end of its career. The statement that "the Ripon Community existed until its members all became rich," gives the Phalanx more credit for financial prosperity than it deserves. It was, however, one of the most successful of the Fourier Associations, paying annual dividends to its stockholders, and dividing among them a handsome percentage of profit at the closing up of its affairs, and so is deserving of great credit, especially considering that the Phalanx was begun on wholly unimproved land—there being no settlers in the township, and not even a saw-mill within twenty miles.

"THE FUTURE OF INVENTION."

The article in the *Atlantic* for August that will be read with most interest by many has the above title. The writer considers the prodigious increase of inventions, both in their number and in their influence over business and daily life, the most significant fact in our recent national phenomena. He makes the remarkable statement that within the past ten years far more patents have been issued than during all our previous history, and says that "could the hard times materially soften we might expect such a rush of new improvements as would resemble the bursting of a torrent through an ice-gorge." Continuing with startling suggestions respecting the progress and future of American inventions, the writer soon comes to the questions, "What will invention do to us and with us? What changes may we expect from it in our great national life and the yet greater life of the world outside?" And here we make quotations showing that the writer appreciates the magnitude of the results likely to flow from mechanical inventions and also the difficulty of giving remunerative employments to all who would be willing workers:

"At first, outlets for superfluous workmen were readily found. The new discoveries opened new fields for demand, and wants of all sorts were stimulated. The man who had been crowded out of weaving in his youth might learn to make horseshoe nails, or pins, in middle life, and at worst he could handle a sickle in the harvest field till old age came on. Moreover, telescopes and microscopes, steam-engines and cotton-gins, all required workmen for their manufacture. The very labor-saving machines themselves were in the last analysis the work of the mechanic's hands. Back of all this lay the great need of the raw materials, such as grain, cotton, wool, wood, gold, silver, iron, and coal, all of which, in some way, had to be won from the earth by the effort of human strength. At first sight it might seem as if the compensation would be permanently adequate; and indeed it has generally been so regarded. But there are strong reasons for believing that in this the political economists (or some of them) have been wrong, and the uninstructed but interest-sharpened instincts of the workingman right.

"The outlets and compensations mentioned obviously have their limits. Railroads, telegraphs, and steamboat lines, ranking among the greatest of them, cannot be infinitely extended. The earth itself is bounded, and we cannot cover it all with tracks. Already this country is blessed with a number of railways which are more likely to be abandoned than completed. Moreover, a railway once constructed has fulfilled the greatest measure of its utility in this regard. It employs few men besides those needed for repairs, protection of property, and management of its rolling stock. It diminishes their number by the use of labor-saving machines in its shops and on its trains. It has, and often uses, every advantage of the market over those who remain. The same applies to steamboats and telegraphs, though in less degree.

"The greatest compensation is perhaps to be found in the increased demand for raw material and for the production of food on a larger scale. At the base of nearly all our manufactures, except such as are worked by elemental power, lie the coal beds; and the more multifarious the forms of improvement the greater will be the demand for fuel. But then a single man can quarry in a few hours the condensed and conserved power of many men for many days. Experience shows that this receptacle for overflow is itself generally overflowing. The same is true of gold mining, iron mining, and all allied industries. Everywhere the workingman is superseded by machinery, or he works to such advantage that one can supply what many may need.

"Agriculture underwent a decided revolution with the rise of the manufacturing interest. From a means of providing the household it became a field for speculation, or a medium for supplying the multitudes who had left their normal position as the producers of their own food. It retains this wholesale and half-speculative character yet, and might, in this aspect, seem to offer a refuge. But here again the labor-saving machine interposes at every turn, and warns the machine of flesh and blood off the premises. The reaper has driven him mainly from the harvest field, the thresher from the threshing-floor. The cultivator is half a dozen hoes in one, and the horse-rake a dozen rakes. The binder takes the place of four or five additional laborers. Improvements crowd fast upon one another, and each means 'a few more men out of the way.' Nor can the workingman profitably farm (as a rule) on his own account, for the supply of the market. The above-mentioned cheapening devices have made the production of breadstuffs so excessive that they will generally bring but a very low price, not nearly enough to pay expenses and interest on borrowed capital.

"It must be remembered, also, that labor-saving devices, and indeed inventions of all kinds, often absolutely lessen demand instead of increasing it. Suppose, for example, that the many attempts at producing a satisfactory traction engine should result in success; is it not evident that the number of horses in use would be greatly diminished? This would similarly reduce the demand for horseshoes, horseshoe nails, curry-combs, and harness of all sorts, every one of which now forms the center of extensive manufacturing interests, employing many men. Again, the vast improvements in machinery for metal-working, wood-working, leather-working, and the like, of necessity tend to lessen the need for the tools required to labor at those trades by hand. Every simplification (and most real improvements are simplifications) of a process does away not only with some of the men formerly employed upon it, but also with the tools or ingredients which those men used in working, and which other men prepared elsewhere. This deduction must be made in every department. One may almost say that every labor-saving device is also a material-saving device. Its effect in stimulating demand for the articles which it produces and for those which are used in it is largely off-set by its effects in destroying demand for other articles. The remaining increase of demand will not at all compensate for the enormous increase of supply which most of these improvements afford.

"The achievements of some of these latter-day inventions read almost like fairy tales. They have been so frequently published of late that it seems needless to present an array of figures here. We find the same phenomena in every one of the useful arts. The recent Congress called out some interesting facts with regard to one of the least familiar of them. A report having been circulated that a certain bureau of the government was injudiciously using patented machinery instead of human labor in a part of its work, a resolution of inquiry was passed, which led to the discovery that the change had resulted in a saving of about seventy-five per cent. of the expense. This represented the salaries or wages of nearly the whole force previously employed for the same service. Almost the only compensation for this permanent diminution of the demand for human labor is to be found in the small amount of such labor temporarily required to construct the machines, and to replace them in whole or in part, as they wear out after long use. The same result must have followed wherever the same machines were introduced.

"The most astonishing results of this sort, however, are found in the manufacture of small articles of ordinary use. Formerly horseshoes were made one at a time by hand. The amount of labor and time required to transform a large, thick bar of metal into something so different as a heap of nails may be readily imagined. With all possible skill and exertion, only a comparatively small number could be produced in a given period. Now we have machines which will take bar after bar of metal as fast as it can be supplied, cut it into suitable lengths, compress it into any diameter in cross section, turn, shape, feed, point, cut, polish, and finally deliver into any receptacle, without human intervention at any stage of the process. The bars go in at one end, and the nails come out at the other, in a continuous stream. It is obvious that a machine of this kind, with its attendant, will take the place of a number of hand laborers not easily to be computed; and this in a market which is not capable of any very great expansion. In such a case, there is hardly any compensation beyond the slight temporary ones above noticed. The same may be said, with scarcely diminished force, of the manufacture of pins and other small articles. Of pins and needles in particular, we are told that the chief labor in their manufacture is now the sticking them into the paper. Yet it is not so very long since they were made by a slow and laborious succession of some half a dozen hand processes. In fact, there is harldy any one minor article of metal which cannot be produced by some existing machine nearly or quite as fast as a man can count. Even the more complicated operations, such as the manufacture of brooms, are performed automatically and rapidly by a single machine, with very little human aid. Every stage of wood-working has undergone a similar transformation, from the sawing and planing of huge masses of lumber to the shaping and throat-

ing of spokes, and the turning of irregular forms for children's toys."

After such an exhibition of skill and wisdom in diagnosis, one naturally expects that wise remedies will be suggested for a disease which is pronounced so deep-seated that it "can be cured only by a radical change of conditions in the great body of the people." But the only remedy offered is "the return of the masses to their normal and healthy existence as tillers of the soil;" and it is especially pointed out that the poor man may hope to "escape from competition with labor-saving machinery by occupying small tracts of land, particularly of such rough woodland as cannot be successfully invaded by machinery of less flexibility and adaptability than the human body."

This is, to say the least, a most depressing outlook. It is saying to the men who are thrown out of employment by labor-saving machinery, You must flee to the deserts, the forests, the mountains, and the waste places of the earth, and wrest from the least fertile and most untillable soil subsistence for yourselves and your children; and that, too, in face of the fact that labor-saving inventions, as our *Atlantic* writer himself shows, are enabling a comparatively few persons to glut our markets with all kinds of produce. Of course, it is possible to grow on the steep sides of mountains, where not even a plow can be used, corn and potatoes in sufficient quantities to keep soul and body together; and it may be that such agencies as are now crowding men out of factories and cities will crowd them into the waste places of the earth, and compel them to there earn bread by the sweat of the brow; and that thus in time the whole earth will be brought under cultivation. But it cannot be expected that this programme will be accepted joyfully; and, besides, if it were and carried out to the letter, the same problems would confront the philosophers that now so imperatively demand a solution. Suppose that every foot of the earth produced the greatest possible amount; and population had increased till it consumed the total food-product of the globe—what then? The same inequalities would exist; the same demand that there shall be a more equitable distribution of the good things of life; and the same necessity, only rendered a million-fold more imperative, that population itself should be controlled. These are the problems which must be met and solved; they cannot be ignored nor thrust aside, nor pooh-poohed out of existence. It may be unpopular to-day to even discuss them; laws may be passed making it a crime to circulate publications suggesting possible solutions; but the time, nevertheless, cannot be far distant when the freest and fullest discussion will be encouraged. Shall we go on blindly, stupidly ignoring the subject of the limitation of population by voluntary methods, until we are in the condition of the over-populated countries of the far East, or shall we discuss it now, while we can do so free from the pressure of imperative necessity? This question is urging itself more and more upon the attention of all reflective minds. Strange that there should be but a single answer?

WORK AND PLAY.

By no means the least important results which Communism hopes is the elevation of labor from its present slavish and unattractive condition into the character of a pleasure and an ordinance. Physical and mental action, as the world goes, are divided into two grand divisions—labor and recreation, or work and play. Of these, the former is considered indispensable, but disagreeable and irksome, and to be endured only as a necessary evil; while the latter, in one form and another, is universally sought and desired by persons of every rank and character.

In considering the subject, the question naturally occurs, Where precisely lies the distinction between work and play? Where does action cease to be tiresome and oppressive and become inspiring and attractive? Experience suggests that the difference does not lie so much in the character of the thing done as in the duration or continuity of application in the case. Thus, a game of ball is very pleasant and agreeable recreation. An hour or two spent in this exercise by its lovers generates a healthful and hearty glow, both physically and mentally. Yet who would not esteem it the veriest drudgery, were he condemned to play at ball during a life-time? Would he not prefer to plow and plant and reap and mow rather than lead a life of such dull uniformity?

The truth is, the great charm of sport of every description lies in the freedom of change which it allows. The best sport grows tiresome by constant repetition; and so, on the other hand, the hardest work is made attractive by frequent change. So long as labor is carried on in a monotonous routine, so long as a single form of action is to occupy the individual for a life-time, till the faculties are stereotyped and rendered inefficient in other directions—so long the curse of oppressive labor will remain, and work will be arduous and unattractive.

But Communism shows us a brighter view. We are persuaded that it will ultimately remove all distinction between labor and sport, and that the same free, joyous spirit which prevails in one will pervade the other. Communism enables us to realize this truth, to some extent, in its practical application to our present condition. The frequency of change which our organization admits—the easy transition from one business to another, the enthusiasm of aggregation, and better still, the consciousness of redeemed service—these are fast removing the distinction between work and play, and merging them in one. We anticipate the time when the two will be considered inseparable—a duality which, once formed and cemented by the power of brotherly love, can never be dissevered.

COMMUNITY ITEMS.

ONEIDA.

—Haying is over. Just about half a crop.

—An acoustic telephone now opens communication between the visitors' office and the culinary regions.

—The most flourishing potato patch we have seen is the one by the hennery. The fowls there keep the bugs in a wholesome state of subjection.

—A box containing sixteen pond-lily buds arrived from Wallingford the other day. Wasn't that the sweetest freight the railroad has carried for many a day?

—They have a machine for capping bottles at the fruit-house which does in one day what it would take six women a week to accomplish, and does it better too.

—The apple-crop, considering the remarkably heavy yield last year, looks quite promising. Barley and spring wheat look well, but, owing to late frosts and dry weather, most of the crops in our immediate vicinity will undoubtedly be unusually light.

—Whenever large excursions come here there is always a demand for soda-water, confectionery, etc., but we have never had a very convenient place for furnishing these articles. That lack is now supplied. A portable huckster's shop, fourteen feet by twenty, has been erected, and will doubtless be able to pacify small boys and the thirsty public for years to come.

—Mr. Bernard Covert, the oldest public vocalist in America, and the composer of the song, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," called on us this week and sang to us for an hour. Mr. Covert sings marvelously well for a man of his years, his age being seventy-five, and his acting is excellent. He dresses in the old continental costume, with knee-breeches and ruffles, his long locks falling over his shoulders. Although he is the composer of one hundred and fifty songs, and has spent many years in performing with the Hutchinsons, Dempster, "The Continentals" and other notable vocalists, he is still in moderate circumstances, owing principally to the fact that he has never copyrighted his works. One successful composition which he sold for only ten dollars afterward netted the publishers ten thousand. Mr. Covert's rendering of "The Sword of Bunker Hill" we especially appreciated. It has long been a favorite song among us, but never before did we hear it sung with such thrilling effect. Mr. Covert is at present traveling about with his wife, supporting himself by giving concerts. We hope his efforts will meet the patronage of the public.

—*Joppa, July* 20.—When we built our cottage on the shore of Oneida Lake in 1872 and called the corner of land we own here by the name of "Joppa," we were the possessors of an obscure and sylvan retreat, into which the noise and strife of the world but dimly penetrated. You could spend days here without seeing a new face except as you caught an occasional glimpse of some inhabitant. Now, however, the scene is greatly changed. Six other cottages have been built along the beach, and in the woods in which we are situated are many tables and benches of rude boards for the use of picnicers who come here in large parties from Oneida, Durhamville and other villages. Mr. Spencer, having found some profit in furnishing accommodation to excursionists, has erected a small but attractive hotel near the ferry. Fish Creek, despite its ugly name, is a delightful stream. Floating upon its smooth surface this morning we chanced upon a legend. There is a certain mystic grove on the south bank where, it is said, a cannon filled with gold was buried in Revolutionary times. Although the precise spot where this golden cannon was sunk has been indicated by a magic wand, numerous endeavors to find it have met with signal failure, until now the search has been abandoned.

—The sayings of "Pinafore" have become national by-words. You can seldom aver that you *never* do thus or so but that some friend will inquire with inquisitorial smile, "What! *never?*" In every village there are odd persons who furnish the facetious public with amusing phrases for common quotation. If it were not for these eccentrics the amount of laughing would be immensely lessened. Our Community does not differ from the rest of the world in this respect, though the phrases which have been most generally quoted and which have furnished the most inexhaustible amusement originated with persons who undertook to become Communists from purely selfish motives, and having made a miserable failure of the attempt returned to their native element either in high dudgeon or ludicrous chagrin. One of these phrases came under our observation this morning in such a manner as to cause us to recall its origin. If you were to spend some time here you would frequently notice that when a man is about to row a boat, to climb a tree or to perform some other arduous exercise, he will turn to any one standing near, with an air of much deference, and say, "Now, if the audience will please excuse me, I will take off my coat." Once upon a time a highly conceited youth joined the Community. His self-estimate was so exalted that he never scrupled to boast of his ability to become at will an able lawyer, an eminent statesman, or any other remarkable member of society. Imagining himself a modern Demosthenes, he at one time prepared a lecture to deliver to the Community. Before putting up his poster he retired one evening to an obscure part of the lawn, and, spreading his manuscript before him, began to rehearse his lofty ideas to the tapering boles which swayed their approving branches above his ambitious head. A passer-by, hearing the unwonted tones, paused unseen, to listen. Young Demosthenes, who was ranting and gesticulating in a fury of eloquence, suddenly arrested himself at a point of frenzied exaltation, and with his eyes fixed on his notes read, "If the audience will please excuse me I will now take off my coat!" The effect was inconceivably ludicrous, and when afterward at the actual delivery, where the lecturer failed to rouse himself into anything like oratorical fervor, he announced, without changing his inflection, that if the audience would please excuse him he would now take off his coat, he immortalized himself as the author of a laughter-provoking saying which the Community will never forget.

VISITORS AT O. C.

THE SINISTER AND IMAGINATIVE.

Among the many classes of transient visitors that are entertained at the Community is one class who imagine we are a secret society, and have a blue chamber or elephant somewhere which they are going to find if there is any such thing. They come as spies and detectives. Everything they see is suspicious, and they must poke their cane into it.

Under the mystery which they throw over us they conjure up evil, such as is imputed to the Spanish Inquisition, to nunneries and Free-Masonry. We have made no secret of our social principles, and our paper is a constant exposé of our life; besides, we are never without, as one may say, a "visiting committee" inspecting our family order. If all the fruits that are manifest are wholesome and good, why should persons take the trouble to imagine there is some hidden root of mischief? Is there any family or home that has not an interior sphere, a domestic sanctuary which is sacred to itself and shut in from intrusion? You do not therefore distrust the honesty of other families. You respect this privacy, and know it may be the veil of unspeakable beauty instead of sin. Let the mystery of our interior life be judged by the sweetness and goodness of what is more apparent; is not that fair?

Inquisitors of the class mentioned will ask, "Are you contented here?" We say "We are," without asking them if they are contented at home, which would be the natural retort. They imply by their questions that we are staying here upon compulsion, and that we are little better than galley-slaves. "You have to work, whether or no?" "Yes, we have to work in this sense, we are not rich enough to live without work. Perhaps that is the case with you, or if not, it may have been with your father or mother. If we have to work, we are comparatively without care in consequence of the division of responsibility which our system allows; and we average less hours than the industrious classes outside. A lazy

person has the same chance to shirk here that the members of a common family have."

To show what simple things can be made a mystery of, the strangest suspicions have been overheard as to the object of our *doors being numbered!* as though it were possible to misconstrue so manifest a convenience! In a house of a hundred rooms, subject to occasional change of occupants, the obvious method of distinguishing them is by numbers, and if persons see any more occult meaning in the figures over our doors than that they are deeper than we are.

Not far from the Library window is the reservoir from which water is distributed to our dwellings. The walls are of stonework and rise above the ground about eight feet. It is octagonal in form, and perhaps thirty feet in circumference; the top is overgrown with grass, and the beautiful tracery of ivy has obliterated the masonry on the sides. The observations of the curious upon this structure are various and amusing. It is a "monument," an "altar," a "lock-up." The other day a group stood speculating upon it, and as one of the family passed, inquired what it was. The person answered, "A reservoir," and walked on. Presently another of our folks coming along they made the inquiry of him: "A reservoir," was the reply. A third comer was plied with the same question, and when he answered, "A reservoir," they were heard to say, "They all tell the same story." They had heard, perhaps, that we have a dungeon in which we incarcerate refractory members, as that is a current story, we believe, on some of the outskirts of credulity, one company having supposed they had discovered it in an underground archway which serves to connect the cellars of two of our buildings.

Another puzzle for the prying is a cottage at the northern limits of the lawn, built some years ago for the relief of an invalid whose weak nerves were unpleasantly affected by the noise incident to our visiting season, and now used for musical drill. The curious are said to be uncertain whether it is the cell of a lunatic or a kind of pest-house.

Our children's department is a *terra incognita* of bugbears to these people. "O, it is awful! the poor little creatures are taken as soon as they are weaned and put into a separate house, and never know their own mothers any more." (What *never?*) "They are brought up in a pen like so many pigs or calves." Not a day passes in the company season but we hear something of this sort; and, truth to say, not only the sinister, but visitors of all classes entertain such ideas. Women of yearning maternity question us the oftenest perhaps, "Do your children know their mothers?" We hear of Wilhemj "doing the impossible" on his fiddle-strings, but his feats are nothing to be compared with what our mothers do on their heart-strings if common report is true. We should like to have a committee of physiognomists or psychologists bring our children and their mothers together, and slipping the tethers let the little ones from nine months old and upward follow their noses. They would see remarkable instances of instinct at least. To think of giving affection a nine or ten months' growth and then trying to crush it out by a cast-iron system! Even Hannah, though she gave up her cherub as soon as he was weaned, did not let him forget her, but "made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year" when she came to Jerusalem with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice. But our domestic system does not require a tithe of Hannah's devotion. The mothers see their children every day in the nurseries and in their own rooms—in the dining-room and on the play-grounds; they sleep with them frequently till they are two years old, besides being detailed as matrons and attendants in the department from time to time.

If these dismal people happen to see our children at their industry interlocking chain-links and working so fast that you have to tell them to slow up to see what they do, it suggests to their imaginations the English factory system, and they ask with concern how long the little company are kept at their stands. When told one hour every day, it is yet doubtful whether they believe us and save their pity.

A party of frolicsome girls were passing under the windows of the children's house the other night about sunset, when one was heard to say, "The children are all gone to bed, I suppose." "O, yes," said another, "of course. They choke them every night to make them go to sleep." This was sheer fun, but it was as near the truth as many of the ideas abroad about our children's department.

We expect to be questioned and cross-questioned, as any one should expect who professes to have made a valuable discovery. We expect to make it a part of our business to explain our science of life for the good of mankind; but we prefer inquirers of a less *imaginative* kind.

A MEMBER.

THE AGE OF WONDERS.

We have seen a substance which our ancestors proudly used to obliterate a pencil-mark so moulded to our use as to make man almost an amphibious animal; a noxious vapor, from which they would turn with disgust, made the means of brilliant light, which enables the night almost to rival the day. We have seen the surgeon's knife, to them an instrument of necessary torture, divested of its horror by a discovery which gives a temporary insensibility to pain, which enables the suffering patient to wake from nothing more than a troubled dream, and find that over, under which, without this, his fortitude might have faltered, or his constitution sunk. We have seen a power which is inexhaustible so long as the elements of fire and water remain, the effects of which our grandmothers may have witnessed with a sigh, when terminating, by a sudden crash, the serene music of their tea-kettles, but which, by the combined efforts of modern science, has become the very hands and feet of the world, the great and almost universal manufacturer for man, the great propeller by which we rival the flight of the bird, and which so unites the human family that degrees of latitude and longitude are little more than milestones on the great highway of the world. And, lastly, we have seen that subtle power which our ancestors recognized only in the minute spark of the electric circle transformed into the faithful, untiring agent of the human mind, bearing its thoughts from one end of a vast continent to the other with an accuracy which would be in vain looked for in any other messenger, and with a speed which far outstrips the action of the mind which formed them. "Quick as thought" will not do now to express the greatest speed, and "quick as lightning" has become a practical, not merely a figurative expression. Had it happened some two or three centuries ago that some superior mind had discovered the expansive power of steam, or the rapid passage and magnetizing effect of electricity, and had at the same time the mechanical genius for contrivance to render those properties available, as we now see them in daily and hourly use, what would have been the probable result? It is not unlikely that to the discoverer of such wonders the discovery might have been anything but profitable. He would not then have been courted by companies or fêted by shareholders; neither riches nor honors would have rewarded his labor and anxiety; but his discoveries might have been looked on as miracles effected by no heavenly power, and the monument of his fame have been the fagot and the stake.—*English Paper.*

HEALTHFULNESS OF LONDON.

From the report of the Registrar-General for 1873: "London is the greatest city in the world. Its population exceeds 3,500,000, or, if we add the population of its suburbs in the Outer Ring, the total population is 4,500,000. Its population approaches the aggregate population of 22 other large towns of the United Kingdom. It nearly equals the aggregate population of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna; or, with the suburbs, it equals the populations of the capitals of France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia. The area of this great city is 122 square miles, or a square of a little more than 11 miles to the side; so the density of population is 29,322 people to the square mile, and the proximity of the population is 11.04 yards, or the people are at a mean distance of 11.04 yards from each other. The low rate of mortality in London, if we take its density into consideration, is still more striking than its magnitude. With a density of 29,322 persons to the square mile, the mortality should be 35.2 per 100, were not special systems of drainage and cleanliness in use in London, by which the mortality in the years 1874–8 is reduced to 22.8. The consequence is that the deaths are so low in London as 83,695, and the births being 129,184, the registered births exceed the deaths by 45,489, which exceeds the estimated increase of population (43,693) by 1,796. In the seventh century the deaths in London equaled the births in number."

A WHITE RACE IN AFRICA.

[From the London Spectator.]

Major Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese traveler in Africa, who recently turned up at Durban, has been lecturing on his travels at Lisbon. In his address, which is translated in the *Standard*, he testified to the existence of a white race in Central Africa, living in territory "between the Cuchi and the Cubango." He himself spoke to men of this race, whom he describes as "whiter than Caucasians," who call themselves Cassequers, and are not bad people, though totally uncivilized. They have tufts of hair on their heads like short wool. They have eyes like the Chinese, are powerful and live a nomadic life. It is, of course, possible that an albino family should have multiplied, but it is more probable that a small party of Vandals or Goths were forced southward or tried to explore southward, who, compelled by circumstances to remain, and being separated from all around them by their color, have survived as a distinct tribe. An almost perfectly white tribe exists in the Atlas, the descendants, it is supposed, of Romans who fled to the mountains for protection against the barbarians, and as far as is yet known, climate has little influence on color. The Copts remain white, and the Tasmanians were quite black, though they had always lived in a climate nearly identical with that of Britain.

WOMAN'S TOPICS.

Massachusetts, it is reported, has 40,000 more women than men.

Ex-Empress Eugénie has expressed a purpose to spend a few months in a convent near Burgos.

The *Ladies' Journal* is the name of a new paper published in Philadelphia by John Wanamaker. Mrs. Mary E. Lambert is its editor.

Nilsson loves the old violin on which she used to play for pennies when a young girl, and she is also proud of her humble birth.

The women of Des Moines (Iowa) were allowed to vote on the question of licensing liquor-selling, and only one out of 480 voted in favor of license.

2,160 ballots were cast at Concord, New Hampshire, at the first election under the new law giving women the right of suffrage on school questions, 1,111 of which number were deposited by women.

An exchange says that Jewish women have petitioned that the following words may be expunged from the Jewish ritual: "Blessed art thou, O Eternal, our God, that thou hast not made me a woman."

From the *National Citizen and Ballot-Box:* "If Dr. Mary Walker or any woman is to be arrested for wearing male attire, why not arrest the Supreme Court of the United States when they appear in their big-sleeved, voluminous black satin gowns? What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander also."

Dr. Geo. M. Beard says: "A hundred women of to-day weigh more than the same number in the same class half a century ago. They are less angular, more rotund, more cheerful and hopeful in expression. It is clear that they eat better food, and digest it easier; their dress, with all its errors, is in closer relation to hygienic law, and is yearly improving."

A STRIKE.

Once upon an evening dreary,
As I pondered, sad and weary,
O'er the basket with the mending from the wash the day before;
As I thought of countless stitches
To be placed in little breeches,
Rose my heart rebellious in me, as it oft had done before,
At the fate that did condemn me, when my daily task was o'er,
To that basket evermore.

John, with scarce a sigh or motion,
Sat and read the *Inter-Ocean*,
With no thought of the commotion
Which within me rankled sore.
"He," thought I, "when day is ended
Has no stockings to be mended,
Has no babies to be tended.
He can sit and read and snore;
He can sit and read and rest him;
Must I work thus evermore?"
And my heart rebellious answered,
"Nevermore; no, nevermore."

For, though I am but a woman,
Every nerve within is human—
Aching, throbbing, when o'er-worked—
Mind and body sick and sore.
"I will strike. When day is ended,
Though the stockings are not mended,
Though my course can't be defended,
Safe behind the closet door
Goes the basket with the mending, and I'll haunted be no more.
In the daylight shall be crowded all the work that I will do;
When the evening lamps are lighted, I will read the papers too."

Here Pegasus stumbled, but the strike has been a success. Try it, sisters.

—*Mrs. Katie in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Dr. Schliemann writes from Troy (Asia Minor) to a friend in Indianapolis: "I think there is no lady in the world who could have made me so happy as Mrs. Sophia Schliemann, whom I married ten years ago from pure affection, and because, though she then only knew her native tongue, the modern Greek, she showed a great enthusiasm for Homer and archæology. Since that time she has per-

fectly mastered nearly all the European languages, learned nearly all the Homeric poems by heart, and constantly assists me with fervent zeal in all my undertakings; nay, the French edition of my Mycenæ is dedicated to her, and she fully deserves it. You say my work has not been profitable to me; but if, as you say, you read my Mycenæ, you ought to know that I work from pure love for science, and that I gave away to the Greek people the immense treasures found by me and my wife at Mycenæ."

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Bismarck comes to the top again with a tariff and ministry all to his mind.

Harriman, the Yankee pedestrian, has walked off with Stackhouse's wife.

The yellow fever knocks down prices in the Northern Produce Exchanges.

The raw stock for a silver dollar can be bought for about eighty-seven cents and six mills.

The anti-Jesuit clause of M. Jules Ferry's Education Bill is finding a great deal of opposition in the French Senate.

These are the days when the sun knocks the poor whisky-soaker on the head, and you have to bear him off to the shade on a board.

The water-works of Chicago furnish about 140 gallons a day for every man, woman and child in that city, and yet the people want more.

New York and New England were visited on the 16th by high winds, which showed a disposition to break out into tornadoes in places. Much damage done.

Now that there is likely to be a split among the Bonapartists, the Orleans family gets together at Geneva to see what they shall do in view of their improved prospects.

In Russia the dissenters are called Rasskolniki. How outspoken they are there. We often think of a dissenter as a sort of rascal, but then, it isn't just the thing to say so.

Eastern New York was the place for mastodons. Just dug up another skeleton at Newberg on the Hudson. It is only about four years since one was found at Otisville, same county.

The New York Court of Common Pleas—General Term—has decided that the city is responsible if ice and snow is allowed to remain on side-walks, and that the negligent householder is responsible only for the amount of the fine which the law authorizes it to collect.

The yellow fever came back to Memphis through the fatal economy of Mrs. Mulbrandon. Some of her friends had died of the fever last year, and she inherited their clothes, which she carefully packed away. One day she put it on Mulbrandon with what deadly effect we know.

Mr. Moody is getting bronzed and strong on his farm at Northampton. He is especially fond of raising poultry, and is said to be picking up many figures of speech from his observation of the fowls a-scratching thar. We have always thought there was a good deal of "human nature in a hen-yard."

Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, one of the notable women of the South, died in New Orleans on the 4th. She has signalized herself by bequeathing her estate to that bogus hero, Jefferson Davis, who is now living in her villa at Beauvoir and writing a book in defense of his administration of the Confederate States.

The remains of the Prince Imperial have been received in England and laid in the earth with great tenderness. Three of the royal Princes were among the pall-bearers. This display of sympathy contrasts strangely with the old British hate and horror of the old Napoleon, and Republican France regards it in a very grim, unsmiling way.

The Roumanian Ministry has tendered its resignation because it could not secure a majority in favor of the emancipation of the Jews. It is believed that if the Jews are not emancipated Austria, Russia, and Turkey, who have already reörganized the independence of Roumania, by appointing representatives at Bucharest, will recall them.

The people in Cornwall, Esopus, and half a dozen other towns on the Hudson have found that they can raise peaches again. For two years past the peaches grown in that region have brought most extravagant prices in the New York market; some late ones sold for $18.00 per bushel there last fall. Between three and four million trees have been set out the last two years.

Two years ago the English Government, with extraordinary liberality, gave outright to the American Patent-Office a full duplicate set of the plans of all patents ever granted in that country, and these, divided into classes and sub-classes, being placed in the hands of the examiners in the respective classes, very materially have simplified the necessary work of examining claims for patents.

Here is a young man with "greatness thrust upon him." After a statue of the late Prince Imperial has been placed in Westminster Abbey, and some other memorial erected with the fund contributed by the British Army, it has been resolved to devote the surplus of the fund to the establishment of a benevolent institution commemorative of the Prince. It is computed that the army fund alone will amount to $250,000.

The Suez Canal cost about $90,000,000, and its receipts did not exceed its expenses until the third year from its completion. Since then profits have been very small, the net earnings having been only $967,385 in 1877. It is in view of these figures that the French are demanding that there shall be careful estimates based on an actual survey of the Panama Canal before M. de Lesseps asks for a subscription of $80,000,000.

The adherents of the Czar went so far some months ago as to look at three items of reform. They were: a representative constitution, an imperial revaluation of the land which was awarded the peasants upon highly onerous conditions under the Emancipation act of 1861, and liberty of conscience to dissenters from the Established Church. The Czar has seen fit to refuse every one of them. Meantime the Nihilists are busy, but by no means so violent as they have been.

The receipts of revenue for the fiscal year which has just expired exceeded the Secretary's estimates by $9,500,000. The customs have brought in $4,500,000 more than was expected, while the internal revenue fell short about $2,000,000 owing to the proposal in Congress to reduce the tax on tobacco and whisky. The tax on manufactured tobacco was, indeed, reduced from twenty-four to sixteen cents a pound. This increase of revenue is largely owing to the profits on the coinage of silver.

The will of the Prince Imperial did have a codicil bequeathing the Bonapartist claim to Prince Victor, the son of Prince Napoleon, thus passing over the father and disregarding the Imperial law of succession. This puts the Bonapartist leaders in a tight place, for they can neither regard the will as valid nor act with Prince Napoleon—who is a grumpy Republican. No wonder M. Rouher fainted. It is, however, announced that Prince Napoleon may take up the Imperial claim and bear it so as to annoy France as little as possible.

Thirty feet of water between Eads' jetties: twenty-six at the head of the passes, and the largest ocean steamer coming freely to New Orleans to take on cotton and go away again. "The moral and political consequences of Captain Eads' success," says the *Nation*, "are visible in a closer union of feeling and interest between the interior section and that lying along the Lower Mississippi and the Gulf, and in numerous ill-considered schemes of internal improvement, partially staved off in Congress, in which the Mississippi occupies the first place, and in which Captain Eads is greatly relied upon. We might say that the jetties have contributed their share to the 'nationalizing' of the Government, just as the yellow fever has done; the South, by a sort of poetic justice, being the chief agent in both cases."

Last Sunday week Mr. Beecher took occasion to preach on the death and funeral of the Prince Imperial. He touched on the softening of the British heart toward the Bonapartists, as a sign of the times. "What," said he, "is the prospect to-day of this great battle of the hour between hate and love; between God ransoming and reconstructing, and the spirit of evil treading under foot goodness and propriety? How does the spirit of love compare to-day with the spirit of hate? If you look at the outward signs, despair gives the answer; but if you look a little more subtly, I think I may venture to say there are unquestionably evidences that the great battle is turning at last in favor of beneficence; that the spirit of the age works toward sympathy, kindness, benevolence, love to God and love to man."

If you think of Canada as a thin slice of country pressed in between the Great Lakes and the northern ice, read this from Mr. Vernon Smith in the *Nineteenth Century:* "In the very center of this great Dominion of Canada, equidistant from the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic Ocean, and midway in the other direction between the Atlantic and Pacific, lies the low depression of Lake Winnipeg, 300 miles long, 50 to 60 miles wide—the future Black Sea of Canada. Its shape is roughly a parallelogram lying north and south; at three of its four corners it receives the waters of a large river, the main trunk of a hundred smaller ones. At the remaining northeast angle a fourth and larger river—the Dardanelles of the system—conveys the accumulated waters of nearly a million square miles into Hudson's Bay. This Lake Winnipeg receives the drainage of the future wheatfield of the world."

Now that the Democrats think it necessary to put a States' rights plank into all their platforms, it is interesting to turn back and read how the Republican Convention at Chicago in 1860, which nominated Abraham Lincoln, also thought it necessary to have this States' rights plank in its platform: "That the maintainance inviolate of the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of powers on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the greatest of crimes." But this does not seem to be exactly the State-rights' theory which brought on the war, and which the war did undoubtedly dispose of—the theory that a State has a right to secede from the Union at its pleasure, and *a fortiori* to refuse to permit the execution within its limits of any Federal law to which it objects.

Richard Grant White continues to write of England in his charming way. This is what he says in the *Atlantic* for August: "It is impossible not to see that railways and mills and forges and towns are gradually, and not very slowly, destroying rural England. Railways, however, are not so barely hideous there as they are in the United States. All that can be done is done to soften and mitigate their harsh unloveliness. They are carried over the roads or under them; and this precaution against danger does much to preserve beauty and diminish unsightliness. The glimpses of country roads and village streets, undisturbed by the passing train, that are caught from the windows of railway carriages are charming in themselves, and are witnesses of the care that is taken there that those who wish 'rapid transit' shall not have it at the cost of the property, the business, the safety, the comfort, or even the pleasure of the neighborhoods through which it suits their convenience to hasten. The maxim 'Sic utere tuo ut alienum non lædas' (So use your own that you injure not that which is another's) seems to be a guiding one in the administration of British affairs—at home. Indeed, as compared with the United States, and with many other countries, England may be defined as the country in which man has rights which every other man is bound to respect. The rights are not always the same rights, but they may always be enforced even by the humblest and poorest, and they are usually asserted and maintained. In England there is both private independence and public spirit, and both have at their back the two great powers of the land—the law and public opinion. There are great lords and great corporations in England; but neither can do a wrong to the poorest laborer, much less to a great body of people, with impunity, or lawfully take a penny without restoring it. The remedy lies at hand in the courts, which are incorruptible, and it is always availed of. If any one should by chance suppose that I have in mind the elevated railways, existing and proposed in New York, he is quite right in his supposition. * * *
In the cities manufacturers are not allowed to fill the air four times a day with the shrieks of steam-whistles, simply because it is convenient for them to mark their hours of work by turning a steam-cock. They are not permitted to save trouble and a little money by annoying all others who are within hearing. Indeed, as I have mentioned before, even the railway whistle is rarely heard, and when heard it is a very mild and inoffensive creature compared with that which shrieks and howls over the plains and in the cities of our favored country. For generations England has been a manufacturing country, and the manufacturing interest is now the most powerful influence in its affairs; but there even manufacturers are obliged to respect the minor rights and little comforts of other people. It might be so with us if in our so-called 'land of liberty' we had personal independence and public spirit. But we have neither; and the peculiarity of our liberty seems to be that it is the liberty of every man, and especially the liberty of any combination of rich men, to get gain at the cost of other people."

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FRANK LESLIE'S

POPULAR MONTHLY

The August number is even more than usually interesting; it is filled with highly entertaining and instructive matter, and many of the articles are replete with valuable information—as, for instance: "Sights in Southern China," by T. W. Knox; "The Lakes of Italy," by Lady Blanche Murphy; "The Arms of the Medici," by F. H. Norton; and "The Metamorphoses of the Sphinx," which are admirably and profusely illustrated. "The Summer Amusements of the American People," "The Race for the Blue Ribbon of the Derby," and "Etna and its Eruptions," will well repay the reader. The department of fiction is peculiarly rich this month. A new serial by the author of "Dora Thorne," entitled "A Golden Dawn," promises to be a story of deep and stirring interest. There are several short stories by M. T. Caldor, Annie Thomas, Eleanor Kirk, and other popular writers; poems of genuine merit, sketches, etc., etc., and a carefully selected miscellany, including History, Science, Travels, Witticisms, etc., etc., occupying, together with handsome embellishments, 128 quarto pages. If you desire to enjoy delightful summer reading don't fail to obtain this number of the POPULAR MONTHLY. The illustrations number quite one hundred, and there is a very beautiful chromo frontispiece "On the Pier at Trouville." Single copies are only 25 cents, and the annual subscription, $3, postpaid. Address, FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, 53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

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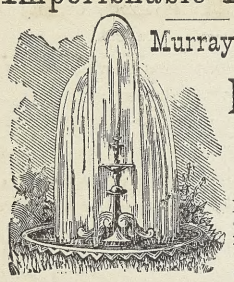

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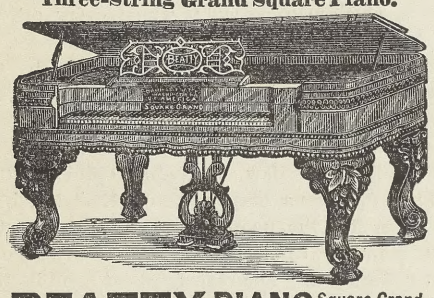

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Going North.			Stations.		Going South.	
Accom.	Mail.				Mail.	Accom.
	11.35 A.M.	Dep.	Middletown	Arr.	5.10 P.M.	
8.00 A.M.	4.40 P.M.		Walton		11.40 A.M.	6.50 P.M.
9.05 A.M.	5.51 P.M.		Sidney		9.17 A.M.	2.42 P.M.
11.00 A.M.	6.50 P.M.	Arr.	Norwich	Dep.	8.45 A.M.	1.00 P.M.
8.15 A.M.	6 55 P.M.	Dep.	Norwich	Arr.	8.15 A.M.	7.30 P.M.
11.44 A.M.	2 49 P.M.		Community		10.03 A.M.	3.41 P.M.
11.55 A.M.	3.00 P.M.	Arr.	Oneida	Dep.	9.50 A.M.	3.25 P.M.
*7.10 A.M.	3.15 P.M.	Dep.	Oneida	Arr.	9.33 A.M.	†7.50 P.M.
*11.30 A.M.	6 45 P.M.	Arr.	Oswego	Dep.	6.00 A.M.	†3.25 P.M.

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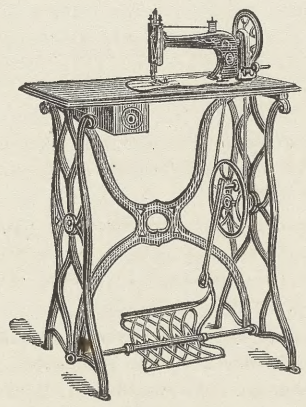

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